SONGS, DUETS,

TRIOS, &c.

IN

REFORM'D IN TIME,

A COMIC OPERA,

In Two Acts,

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

THE MUSIC

COMPOSED BY

MR. ATWOOD.

LONDON:

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1798.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir George Insight, ... Mr. Incledon.
Faithless, ... Mr. Townsend.
Col. Fairfield, ... Mr. Phillips.
Puff, ... Mr. Farley.
Friendly, ... Mr. Claremont.
Old Insight, ... Mr. Munden.

Handy, ... Mrs. Martyr.
Lady Charlotte, ... Mrs. Follett.
Lady Bell, ... Mrs. Mountain.

Servants, &c.

REFORM'D IN TIME.

ACT I.

SONG. Lady Bell.

WHEN memory brings to my ſight
The moments that rapidly flew;
Each mark'd with encreaſing delight,
No wiſh incompleted I knew.

When pleaſures are fully pourtray'd,
The paſt with theſe days I compare;
And, ſtarting with horror, diſmay'd,
Am plung'd in the depth of deſpair.

E'en Hope, the ſoft ſoother of ſorrow,
No more conſolation beſtows;
I dread the approach of to-morrow,
Too ſure it comes freighted with woes.

When pleaſures are fully pourtray'd,
When the paſt with theſe days I compare,
I ſtart,—I'm amaz'd,—I'm diſmay'd,—
I'm plung'd in the gulph of deſpair.

AIR. FAITHLESS.

I.

Hark! Seven's the main—the caſter's in;—
He's out;—the odds,—I take them round;
Elev'n,—a nick;—he'll loſe—he'll win—
He loſes:—*Done*,—a thouſand pound.
'Tis gone!—Sir Charles, the money's yours;
Sure never luck was ſo complete;
I'll double ſtakes; the bait allures;
He throws again,—again I'm beat.

II.

Then ſtamping, raving, furious grown,
Half frantic on the box I ſeize;
Quick to the flames the dice are thrown;
With joy Sir Charles my paſſion ſees.
Five thouſand on a chance I ſtake.
The odds, the odds! I'll ſteady keep.
Freſh bones; I give a deſp'rate ſhake,
Then *Cog the Die*,—his thouſands ſweep.
(Throws.)
Hark!—Seven's the main—the caſter's in;—
He's out;—the odds,—I take them round;
(Throws.)
Elev'n,—a nick;—he'll loſe—he'll win—
He loſes:—*Done*,—a thouſand pound.

SONG. Col. Fairfield.

When gentle manners mark the mind,
  Benignant virtues reign;
The ſoul, unſpotted, pure, refin'd,
  Muſt admiration gain.
The tear that tales of woe command,
  Thoſe ſterling titles, truth and ſenſe,
The feeling heart, the lib'ral hand,
  Delighting comforts to diſpenſe:
Cou'd man to charms like theſe attend,
Nor call their lovely owner Friend?

DUET.

Lady Bell *and* Col. Fairfield.

Lady B. Ah! grant me a moment's delay,
  Ere ſo raſhly I whiſper conſent;
Oh! haſten me not thus away;
  Leſt my promiſe too late I repent.

Col. Fa. For us ſhall the ſeaſons diſcloſe
  All the beauties with which they abound;
We'll, freed from the thorn, ſeek the roſe,
  While the Loves and the Graces ſurround.
Lady B. My falt'ring accents plainly ſpeak
  The wav'ring voice of reaſon weak.
Col. Fa. Sweet pledge, to happier ſcenes we ſpeed!
Lady B. Well, here's my hand; let's hence proceed.

SONG. Old Insight.

I.

When I was a youngſter, our women were prudent;
Our ſpinſter's demure, and our matrons ſedate;
In Œconomy's ſchool, ev'ry wife was a ſtudent,
And ſeldom contentions aroſe, or debate:
By her own chimney ſide,
Sat the good thrifty bride,
At her rock, at her reel, at the books of the market.
Then the family board,
Real joys could afford,
And pleas'd, the fond huſband ſat by to remark it.
Then we'd laugh away,
Quaff away,
Age threw his ſtaff away,
Health, ruddy health, on each countenance ſhown;
Our girls of their beauty,
Thought leſs than their duty;
And father's were certain, thoſe girls were their own.

II.

Your quality miſſes, how diff'rent we find 'em!
If vice is the faſhion they'd all be profane,
And your quality wives not a whit are behind 'em;
No powers can their profligate humours reſtrain.
From aſſemblies to balls,
Folly beckons and calls:
Hark! her ſummons, and ſee how they pant to obey it.
While no longer uxorious,
Their huſband's notorious;
Gods! it drives a plain man nearly mad to ſurvey it.
Daſh away!
Flaſh away!
Squander their caſh away!
Viſiting twenty ſcore friends of a night.
With their harps, pipes, and tabors,
Diſtracting their neighbours;
Common ſenſe ſtands confounded, and reaſon takes flight.

SONG. HANDY.

I.

In my ſilver muſlin gay,
I ſhall blaze ſuperbly dreſt;
Friſk and flaunt my hours away;
Strut as proudly as the beſt.
Rattling bloods, when I appear,
Swear and talk as ſweet as candy,
Nod and cry---" How do, my dear?"
" Damme, Jack, ſhe's quite the dandy."

Say---don't you know
She's all the go,
Leads the faſhions,
Fires the paſſions,
Zounds, you buck! why it's little daſhing
Handy.

II.

As I lounge the Sunday's park,
Glaſſes raiſing, puppies ſtare,
Struck with wonder, they remark,
Dreſs ſo charming, face ſo fair.
All dwarfiſh, ſtrait-limb'd, bandy,
Burſt with ſpleen when I appear;
There ſhe goes, they cry,---There's Handy;
There ſhe goes,---" How do, my dear?"

SONG. Sir George.

When faſcination binds the heart,
  When lovely woman's ſmiles invade,
From Virtue's precepts we depart,
  And quit the ſubſtance for the ſhade.

The tottering throne of Reaſon ſhook,
  Delirium ſeiz'd my heated brain,
Domeſtic comforts I forſook,
  But Frenzy ends his hated reign.

While Sorrow marks illicit love,
  Thro' thorny paths we blindly roam;
But ſure the pangs experienc'd, prove
  Enjoyment's only found at home.

TRIO.

SIR GEORGE, FAITHLESS, *and* PUFF.

Faith. What raptures muſt flow from affection ſincere!
Each moment it ſweetens.
Sir Geo. I'm doom'd to deſpair.
Puff. Sir George looks ſo piteous.
Faith. Oh! Puff, never fear.
His ſpirits will mount with a glimpſe of the fair.
Such a form, ſuch a face,
So much nature and grace.
Sir Geo. To the dregs have I drain'd all the bitters of grief.
Faith. So devoted a heart,
Puff. 'Gad---a laſs tight and ſmart,
Would aſſuage all my pangs, give my ſorrow's relief.
Sir Geo. } O! I'm doom'd to deſpair;
Faith. } Think of joys with the fair,
& Puff. } 'Gad, a laſs tight and fair,
Faith. } Will ſorrows aſſuage, baniſh anguiſh
& Puff. } and grief.
Sir Geo. No, nothing can yield deſperation relief.

ACT II.

DUETTO. OLD INSIGHT *and* HANDY.

Handy. I'll have a young blood who ſhall daſh
thro' the ſtory---
Old Inſ. Why, cockatrice!
Handy. Freſh from his travels abroad;
Or ſuppoſe from the wars he comes co-
ver'd with glory---
Old Inſ. You devil!
Handy. To find for his proweſs reward.
Old Inſ. You minx, will you hear me?
Handy. A rake highly finiſh'd,
A fire-eater, killing his man of a day.
Old Inſ. Confuſion!
Handy. And then, leſt his fame be diminiſh'd,
Both. Will ruin, and give him a ſpirit for play.
Old Inſ. You devil, you'd ruin a dozen a day.
Handy. We'll not have him fetter'd with marriage,
that's clear, Sir;
For, make him a huſband, his ſpirit is loſt;
And then the old man ſhall be poſitive,
queer, Sir---
Old Inſ. You vixen, you'll know him too ſoon to
your coſt.
Handy. Impatient and fretful, and heated his brains,
Old Inſ. You curſt little gypſey, take that for your
pains.
Handy. Ha! ha! ha! ha! addled his brains!
Old I. You curſt little gypſey, take that for your
pains.

SONG. Sir George.

O, ſhe was once all that Fancy deſir'd,
  Was perfect, if perfect a mortal cou'd prove;
Was form'd with attractions that wonder inſpir'd,
  And Envy purſu'd whom ſhe bleſt with her love.

She was mine---ah! how little the jewel I priz'd,
  How lightly thoſe treaſures poſſeſt are eſteem'd!
Her ſway I confeſs tho' her conduct's deſpis'd;
  Alas! can her luſtre be never redeem'd!

Oh, ſhe was once all that Fancy deſir'd,
  Was perfect, if perfect a mortal cou'd prove;
Was form'd with attractions that wonder inſpir'd,
  And Envy purſu'd me when bleſt with her love.

SONG. Old Insight.

I.

She's a devil, a ſpit-fire, a vixen, a minx,
She was tipſy, I know it--I'm ſure that ſhe drinks,
Elſe what cou'd ſhe ſee,
Like an author in me,
I, that never my thoughts upon paper cou'd fling,
Or bear to compoſe forty words in a ſtring.

II.

Now tell me, good folks, let me beg, and beſeech ye,
Am I ſhap'd like a man, into dozing to preach ye?
With a ſanctified face,
With a ſolemn grimace,
Do I look like a fellow, to mount in a tub,
Or to rule at the head of the Hypocrite's Club?

III.

A jade, againſt marriage, ſhe rail'd without ceaſing;
I felt my blood boiling, my paſſion encreaſing;
Of lights, of traditions,
Of ghoſts, apparitions;
She rav'd, ſhe abus'd me, as ſplenitic, mad!
She's a devil, a ſpitfire—ſhe's all that is bad!

DUETTO. OLD INSIGHT *and* LADY BELL.

Old Inſ. My charming lovely fair one,
Give one approving ſmile;
Your ſpouſe, I'll prove a rare one,
And heavy hours beguile.
Lady B. I'll love you, but my hand, Sir,
Ah! wherefore ſeek to gain?
I covet not your land, Sir,
But wou'd eſteem obtain.
Old Inſ. You rogue you, why ſo coy now?
Lady B. Indeed, Sir, you're deceiv'd:
Old Inſ. Tho' not a beardleſs boy, now,
Lady B. Your age is ſcarce perceiv'd.
Old Inſ. Ah! you rogue, you mean to hoax me;
Lady B. Indeed, Sir, you're deceiv'd:
Old Inſ. You muſt love me, cheriſh, coax me,
Lady B. My truth is ſoon perceiv'd.
Old Inſ. Ah! you rogue, &c.

ALLEGRETTO.

Old Inſ. } Oddſbodikins! I'm delighted;
Lady B. } I feel my heart delighted;
Old Inſ. } At once we'll be united;
Lady B. } When we're again united;
Old Inſ. }
Lady B. } No clouds will interpoſe;
Old Inſ } No more ſhall grief perplex me;
Lady B. } No more ſhall grief perplex ye;
Old Inſ. } Nor brazen daughters vex me;
Lady B. } Nor brazen daughters vex ye;
Old Inſ. } Diſturbing my repoſe;
Lady B. } Diſturbing your repoſe.

DUETTO. Lady Bell *and* Sir George.

I.

How bright, how fair, our op'ning page,
No dark'ning ſpots appear;
No doubts to calm, no griefs t' aſſuage;
But ſmiles each moment cheer!

II.

Tho' gath'ring clouds wou'd frowns aſſume;
And dim awhile the ſcene;
Refulgent rays have pierc'd the gloom,
And all's again ſerene.

FINALE.

Lady B. Laughing joys again invite us,
Heavy moments paſs away;
Bands of ſocial bliſs unite us,
Hail with ſongs this happy day.

Sir G. Thus contending ſtorms ſuſtaining,
Tempeſt toſt on troubled ſeas,
Pleas'd the wiſh'd-for port regaining,
Sailors taſte returning eaſe.

Col. Fairf. and Chorus. Hark! our cheerful notes reſounding,
Echo thro' the feſtive dome;
Friends with ſmiling looks ſurrounding,
This again is pleaſure's home.

THE END.

FINALE.

BIBLIOTECA

THE END.